

MOLINESS TO THE LORD.

Cliff Edward 213

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No. 6.

POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

PROBABLY the most noted church building in England, and one of the most famous in the world, is Westminster Abbey, situated close to the Thames river upon a slightly elevated spot which was formerly surrounded by marshes or by water, and was called Thorney Island. It is said that upon the introduction of Christianity into Britain a small chapel and a monastic institution were founded here. Before the time of William the Conqueror an abbey had been erected on the spot, for that monarch was crowned there with great pomp in the year 1066. Ever since that time it has

been the coronation church of the sovereigns of England; and that statement means more, in describing the importance of the structure, than readers in America, or in any land whose form of government is republican, can readily understand.

The changes through which the building has passed during the past eight or nine hundred years need not be described in detail.

They would be of interest only to those who were inclined to make a close study of church architecture. Suffice it to say, many of the monarchs have felt called upon to add to or alter the original plan, and most of these changes have been improvements, while some have been really splendid. Of these latter may be mentioned a chapel built at the east end by Henry VII, which was of such mag-

nificence that it was enjoined that the remains of royalty alone should be buried within its walls. Including this addition, the dimensions of the building are about 530 feet by about 203, the west towers being 225 feet in



POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

height, making it altogether an imposing edifice.

Interesting as is the Abbey as a whole, there are certain portions of it that are clothed with especial interest. One of these is the "Poets' Corner," a partial picture of which accompanies this article. It is a famous place for the busts and monuments of eminent men of letters. These include Chaucer, "the father of English poetry,"

Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Cowley, Dryden, Addison, Goldsmith, Gray, Sheridan, Southey and many others, not forgetting our own Longfellow, whose bust was placed there only a few years ago. Lord Macaulay and Lord Palmerston were buried near by, the one in January, 1860, the other in October, 1865. William Makepeace Thackeray does not lie there, though his bust is placed next to the statue of Joseph Addison. On the 14th of June, 1870, Charles Dickens was interred here. His grave is situated at the foot of the coffin of Handel, and at the head of the coffin of R. B. Sheridan. Near to England's great humorist, towards his feet, lie Dr. Johnson and Garrick, while near them lies Thomas Campbell. Shakespeare's monument is not far from the foot of the grave. Goldsmith's is on the left. Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated African traveler, lies buried in the nave. A monumental brass, to the memory of Robert Stephenson, has been inlaid in the floor of the nave. Here, too, is the slab of Sir Gilbert Scott, the architect.

The chapel of Edward the Confessor is at the east end of the choir, and contains the shrine of that saint: that it was an exquisite piece of workmanship, is evident even in its decay. Here also is the coronation chair, under which is placed the celebrated stone brought from Scone, in Scotland, by Edward I in 1297, on which the Scottish kings were crowned. The second coronation chair was first used by Mary, queen of William III. A flight of steps close by leads to a collection of wax work figures, eleven in number. They comprise Queen Elizabeth, Charles II, the duke of Buckingham lying in state, his widow the duchess, and her little son; the duchess of Richmond, William and Mary, Queen Anne, Nelson and the earl of Chatham.

The chapel of Henry VII, of which men-

tion has already been made, is also at the east end. The ascent to this splendid work of Gothic art is by steps of black marble. The entrance gates display workmanship of extraordinary richness in brass. The effect produced on entering this chapel is striking: the roof is wrought in stone into an astonishing variety of figures and devices; the stalls are of oak, having the deep tone of age, with Gothic canopies, all elaborately carved. Here, before the remodelling of the order, used to be installed the knights of the Order of the Bath. In their stalls are placed brass plates of their armorial insignia, and above are suspended their banners, swords and helmets; beneath the stalls are seats for the esquires. The pavement is composed of black and white marble, beneath which is the royal vault. The magnificent tomb of Henry VII and his queen stands in the body of this chapel, in a curious chantry of cast brass, admirably executed, and interspersed with effigies, armorial bearings, and devices relating to the union of the "Red and White Roses." Besides those of Edward the Confessor and Henry VII, there rest within the abbey the remains of Edward I; Edward III; Henry III; Henry V, over whose tomb are hung the saddle and helmet used by him at the battle of Agincourt; Edward VI; Mary; Elizabeth; Mary, queen of Scots; James I; Charles II; William III; Anne; George II; and other of the kings of England. A slab marks the grave of Lady Augusta Stanley, wife of a recent dean of Westminster; to the left of which is the tomb of the duc de Montpensier, brother of Louis Philippe, king of the French.

Many other monuments and statues adorn the interior of the edifice. It is altogether a delightful place to visit, and many a pleasant hour can be spent in viewing its beauties, both external and internal.

C.

MARCUS KING, MORMON.

II.

THE Mormon missionary, Elder James, continued to be a frequent visitor at the home of the Reverend Marcus King. An intimate friendship had grown up between them, and they already treated each other as brothers. Elder James was a plain, simple man, a little older than Marcus, not learned in the schools but thoroughly conversant with the scriptures. His language was often faulty when measured by the rules of grammar. His coat was not strictly of the ministerial cut; and altogether his manner was awkward and smattered considerably of the backwoods. One evening during the week following the last Sunday mentioned, Elder James was at the clergyman's residence. They had been considering some Gospel subjects and the missionary had been relating some of his experiences on the wild plains of the West.

"Mr. King," said the Elder, "you may wonder why such an uneducated, unpolished man as I should be sent out to preach the Gospel, but the truth is that we all go as the call finds us, both the learned and the unlearned, I mean as regards to worldly wisdom. As for me, I have had very little chance for schooling. You know some of our history in Ohio, Missouri and Illinois. I, with my parents, have been through it all, and you can understand what chances I could have amid continuous mobbings, drivings, and confusion; and then, the last few years have been spent in the heart of the great American desert trying to force bread from a barren waste. My face is yet tanned from exposure, and my hands have not yet lost their callousness; but for all that, my friend, we have the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ, and what is more, divine authority to preach it."

"I say amen to that," replied Marcus. He went to the table, and picking up a small volume, opened it and said: "Would you like to know what I had to do to become a minis-

ter? what all who preach the word in our church must do, before they can become ministers? Well, here it is, stated plainly in our rules of discipline. First, we must be a graduate of some college, second, take a two years' course in divinity, then pass a critical examination, and at last be taken for a time on trial, and all this because, as it here reads, 'it is highly reproachful to religion, and dangerous to the church to entrust the ministry to weak and ignorant men.' What do you think of that?"

"I think that 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise,' even as He did in days of old when He called simple fishermen directly from their nets to be ministers of the Gospel. Mind you, I do not depreciate an education. A scholarly man, if he would let God use him, would certainly be a shining shaft in God's hand; but it has been the experience of all time that the Almighty has worked with the weak things of the world. They are more pliable in His hand. Not that the servants of the Lord will always remain weak, though they must remain humble. No; but it seems that to make a beginning, God chooses simple-minded men."

"To change the subject," said Marcus, "how would you like to preach in the church next Sunday?"

"I would like nothing better, providing it is with everybody's consent."

"Well, I don't know about that. I would have to take the responsibility. I am going to resign. I can't stand this double dealing any longer; but I would like to hear you explain your principles in your simple way to my congregation, preach a sermon like the one you gave at the schoolhouse in Willow the other evening. How would it do, if, after I make my explanations and reasons for my action, I call upon you to explain the first principles?"

«No; it would be taking undue advantage of the people. We have had meetings here in your town, we have distributed tracts to every house that would receive one. We have given them every* opportunity. Your plan would only bring on strife and opposition.»

«Yes; I can see it. I had, friend James, made up my mind to preach no more, but I must give my reasons for resigning, and I'm going to do it next Sunday.»

«You have considered well the step you are taking? You know the consequences?»

«Yes, to both your questions. I have been three months now thinking about it. I am going to test your promise. «For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?» As for the consequences, I know my act will make a sensation, but I cannot help that. I must follow the light as God reveals it to me. God must help me in the result. Brother, pray for me that I may have strength to go through the ordeal.»

Could Marcus King have taken two others with him, he could cheerfully have faced the world. One of these was his mother and the other was Alice Merton. He had carefully introduced the new doctrines to them both, placing tracts and books in their hands to read; but usually they had treated them as trifling things, not to be taken seriously. His mother had received the Mormon Elder kindly at first, but when his visits continued and Marcus had him to dinner nearly every day, she had objected.

«I don't want him here,» she had said with some warmth. «It is the talk of the town already, that you, Marcus, you who should be a defender of the people against impostors and wicked men, take into your very home a member of the vile Mormon sect. What is it coming to? Are we to be disgraced? Has he won you over to his pernicious faith?»

Marcus had tried to explain matters but when she found that he was actually in sympathy with the Mormon and that he defended

him, she had been overcome with emotion. The same scene had been repeated again and again until Marcus plainly saw that further reasonings would be useless.

As for Alice Merton, Marcus loved her as he had loved no other woman, but he had decided what to choose between love and duty. «Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you,» was a promise which he meant to prove. He had not talked much with her on his changed views; and she, seemingly, did not get any meaning from the little figures of speech which he had used. She had partly assented to some of the views expressed in the pamphlets he had given her, but the fact that they had come from a source so foul as Mormonism was enough to make them of no consequence.

One day when they were out sailing on the river he had asked her if she would have loved him just the same, had he not been a preacher, but just a common laborer, say, for example, a mason or a farmer. She had laughed heartily at the question, and had taken her sailor hat and fanned his red face. He had pressed her for an answer and she had said, how could she know. Then, doubtless, they never would have met.

«But suppose I should now resign my pastorate and turn farmer, a real farmer I mean, to wear overalls and work in the fields, would you still marry me next month as you have promised?» He did not smile but seemed to mean what he said, and the tears had come into the blue eyes of Alice.

«You are cruel,» she had said.

«Forgive me if you think so, Alice; but I ask you the question in all earnestness. It may come to that yet. We know not what life has before us. My Alice loves me and will be mine, whatever befalls, will she not?» And she had yielded her head into his arm and had whispered «Yes.»

On Friday afternoon Marcus had finished the outlines of what he should say the next Sabbath. He could not bring himself to

write it out in full. He had thought to speak to various leading members of his congregation about the step he was to take, so that it would not be such a surprise; but that might bring on an opposition that would prevent him from saying anything, and he wanted to make the explanation to the whole congregation. So he said not a word, not even to his brethren in the ministry.

That Friday evening he called on Alice. The time was opportune. Mr. Merton was away on business, and Mrs. Merton had retired with a headache. They would be alone, and Marcus could speak the plain truth undisturbed. Alice looked her best. The dress of soft white; the roses in bosom and hair; the quiet, saddened smile on the fair face—all this beauty went to Marcus with a force that made his heart throb with pain.

Marcus could not hide his emotion, try as he would.

«What is the matter?» she asked, as he took her hands. They sat on the sofa, and he looked into her face for a long time. Then he said:

«Alice, I am going to resign my pastorate next Sunday.»

She said nothing, but her hands trembled.

«I am going to be plain Mr. King. Will that make any difference in your love?»

«No; if that is all. I will love Farmer Marcus King the same as the Reverend Marcus King. My word and promise is the same.»

«But, darling, you suspect more than that. You can guess by this time why I am compelled to resign.»

«What should I know? You have never told me.»

«I have found that my position is a false one. My authority as a servant of God is an assumed one; the doctrines I have been teaching, that is some of them, are not true. God has opened my eyes to a greater light, and Alice, my darling, I am compelled to accept that.»

«And that light is Mormonism?» said Alice, whose face was ashen gray.

«Yes; it is known by that name, but in truth it is the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ. Listen, Alice, O, listen to me»—she had turned away her head—«Do not condemn me, do not reject the light. We will pray God together. He will open your eyes as He has mine. We will begin our new life together, stand by each other through the trials that will come. O, Alice, you can not conceive of the beauty and the grandeur this new light has opened up to me, will open up to you, my darling. You may not fully understand it now, but you will—Alice, I cannot go out in the cold world without you.»

She did not cry out, she did not weep; her love had changed to fierce resentfulness; her tears had turned to ice.

«Ah, yes; I see it all now, you are going to join the Mormons.»

«I know that is a harsh and evil sounding word, but if you only could understand the truth, Alice, it would lose that aspect.»

«I hate the word, Marcus. The brand of the devil clings to its very sound. I shrink from it as I do from perdition. Do not name it again!»

«Then it is all up with us, Alice, you love me no longer? You will not be my wife?»

«Marcus King, a Mormon, I can not, will not marry. Be any other honest thing on earth and I will hold good my promise. Descend to the lowest depths of the commoner, be a farmer, a hod-carrier, and I will be true to you, but—but that other, never Marcus, never!»

He saw that it was useless. His hope was gone; and yet he loved her, loved her more than ever. They had both arisen and now they stood facing each other.

Then a power seemed to come to him, a power not of human origin. He took her hands again and she made no resistance. He looked steadily into her eyes, and as he gazed they softened. Tears slowly filled them, and the whole marble form relaxed. He clasped her in his arms and he was hardly conscious of what he said:

«Darling, darling, you are mine, my very own, for time and for eternity. None but I can own you. Remember that, Alice, remember it. You are mine!»

He kissed her again and again, then gently laying her on the sofa, he passed from the room.

The Rev. Marcus King's congregation was the largest in the town of Hungerton. Lately it had been unusually large, owing, as some said, to his peculiar preaching; so that Sabbath when he meant to resign his position, Marcus found many people in attendance.

It was a beautiful day, and quite cool. The church and its surroundings looked their best. The people smiled and greeted each other, and were happy. Marcus came in exactly at the time to begin. The usual forms of song and prayer were completed and Marcus stepped up to the pulpit. The congregation were as still as death when they saw their pastor pale and seemingly aged in a week. He had no Bible, no manuscript, only a slip of paper before him. His voice was low and full of emotion, as he began to talk:

«My friends, for twenty years did my father occupy this place, and expounded, with the light that God gave him, the Scriptures of His word. I have filled the position now nearly a year, and I hope I shall not be recreant to any trust by the action I shall take before you this day. Now, in the presence of you, my friends, I informally resign my position as your spiritual guide and advisor. Later in the day I shall formally hand my resignation to the elders of the church.»

A hum of surprise swept through the congregation. A load seemed lifted from the shoulders of Marcus King. Color came back into his face and he spoke again with a clear, ringing voice:

«My friends, you are surprised, of course, and I hope you will pardon me for not sparing you this ordeal. I wish to explain to you why I have taken this step, why I have thought it necessary to divest myself of the ministerial office, and I hope you my friends

will bear with me in my short explanations. I will offend some of you; but that I cannot help. I have a position to defend, I have arguments to give, but I can not go into detail at this time. If any of you desire further talk with me on any point I advance today, I shall be pleased to meet you at any time.

«First, then, I have come to this conclusion, that there has been and is today a universal apostasy from the pure Gospel of Christ. This falling away reaches to all sects and denominations of the Christian religion, our own being no exception.

«This conclusion has been arrived at by carefully considering the following facts: The Scriptures plainly predict such a falling away. Even as early as Christ's time (The kingdom of heaven suffered violence, and the violent took it by force.) The early persecutors of the church killed the Apostles and Prophets, and none were appointed in their place. The Pagans of Greece and Rome ingrafted their rites and doctrines into the pure vine. This actual change in the simple ordinances of the Gospel to conform to pagan ceremonies can be traced historically. Shortly after, the world was in spiritual darkness for over eight hundred years. As the Church of England puts it, (Laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages and sects and degrees have been drowned in abominable idolatry.) The reformation of Luther and Calvin did not bring back the pure Gospel of Jesus. None of the reformers claimed any authority from heaven to this effect. They simply broke the power of Rome. The fruits of all churches today are not what they were in primitive times. Faith apparently has lost its power to save.

«So much for a general statement. Now I wish to justify myself by pointing out what I consider errors in our own confession of faith. I shall take them in their order as they come in this book,» and he reached out and opened a small volume.

«Regarding the Scripture, this book says: (The whole council of God concerning all

things necessary for His own glory, man's salvation, faith and life, is either expressly set down in Scripture, or by good and necessary consequence may be deducted from it; unto which nothing is at any time to be added whether by *new revelation of the Spirit* or traditions of men.' This statement virtually closes the mouth of God. What is man that he should dictate to the Almighty?

«I can no longer believe that God is a being without body, parts or passions as this confession teaches; neither that the Godhead is (three persons of one substance,) because that is a contradiction of terms.

«The passage on predestination is familiar to you all. I shall not read it. I believe the doctrine to be false in the sense here stated. I have come to see that it is an awful thing to say that some men are fore-ordained to hell, and that they can not help themselves. I do not believe that God takes pleasure in electing some to everlasting punishment; I do not think such an act would manifest any of His glory. The doctrine annihilates the agency of man, and destroys the sublime right of choice. My friends, if you wish to see a practical working of this teaching, go visit our dear friend Henry Sanford, in Hungerton jail.

«I cannot believe that God made the earth from nothing. Truth is reason, and reason teaches me different.

«I do not now believe in the total depravity of the human race. We are the children of God. The offspring of an all-good parent cannot be wholly inclined to evil, as this creed teaches.

«I have ceased to believe in this book's teachings of the calling and election of men and especially of infants. Believing as I do, that men have the freedom to choose good or evil, it naturally follows that I must believe that man can fall from grace.

«This confession declares that baptism is not necessary to salvation; still it claims that this sacrament is the door into the church. This is inconsistent.

«I shall read the passage about synods and councils: (All synods and councils since the Apostles' time, * * * may have erred; therefore they are not to be made the rule of faith and practice.) I understand Scripture to be made when holy men speak or write under the influence of the Holy Ghost. We must come to one of two conclusions regarding synods and councils—either the men who composed them were not in possession of the Holy Ghost, or else this Divine Comforter has lost its power. I cannot believe the latter.

«I do not believe in the literal hell-fire here spoken of.

«Our system of religion makes no provisions for the salvation of the heathen. I think it lacks in that.

«Our church has not the organization of the first church, with Prophets, Apostles, etc.

«Our church bars simple men from preaching the Gospel. Christ chose His ministers from the poor and unlearned; and at last, to put an end to this painful array, I, neither any of my fellow-ministers, have been called of God as was Aaron, therefore I have no authority to preach the Gospel and to administer in its saving ordinances.»

At this point some members of the congregation passed out.

«My friends, I hope you will bear with me a few minutes longer. By what I have said you may now think I have become a rank infidel. That is not so. I believe in the Scriptures, in the power of God to save, stronger than ever. And now, if I have taken away from any of you the staff which has supported you, I wish to give you a stronger, a better one. I do not believe that a man should tear down another's house, unless he has a better one into which to invite him.

«My dear friends, I have found that which the merchant in the parable sold all he had to purchase. I am also selling all I own to secure this prize. I wish to tell you of it, that as many of you as desire may also sell and buy.

«I bear my testimony that God lives, that He has again spoken from the heavens, and restored the Gospel in its purity; that the authority to administer in the things of God has again been given to men in the flesh. That Gospel is now being preached. Its first principles are now, as formerly, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, repentance, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. The true Church of Christ has been again organized, with Apostles, Prophets and all the gifts and blessings which existed in the Church during Christ's and the Apostles' time.»

A man arose in the congregation and asked the privilege of putting a question to the pastor, which was granted.

«This church you have been talking about, Mr. King, is it the Mormon Church? Is it the Mormons you have reference to as receiving this new revelation?»

«Let me explain that,» began the preacher, but the questioner cut him short with:

«Can you not answer me, yes or no?»

«Yes; I have reference to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly known as Mormons.»

«I have had enough,» said the man, with a wave of his hand to the congregation, half of whom followed his example and left the church. Marcus said not a word, but stood in the pulpit until the last one who had any

desire to leave had done so. Then he continued:

«I expected nothing else. Had you stoned me in this pulpit, I should not have been surprised. We are steeped in prejudice against that about which evil is spoken, but know nothing. We are not willing to prove all things and hold fast to that which is good, as Paul advised. The word Mormon, my friends, has about the same sound to our ears as the word Nazarene had to the Jews. But I wish to tell you again before I close that Mormonism is the truth. It will fill that void in your breast; it will answer your questions regarding life and death; it will give you clear conceptions of God; it will clear up many mysteries in the Scriptures; it will satisfy your soul; it will fill you with joy unspeakable. I can say no more. Investigate for yourselves; seek the Lord on the matter. God bless you all. Amen.—We shall sing the doxology.»

A very few sang. Marcus uttered a short prayer and the services were over. Not one stopped to shake hands with the minister. One or two lingered as if they would like to say something, but they, too, walked slowly away. Marcus gathered a few books and walked out. The deacon said nothing to him, but solemnly locked the doors. Marcus picked a flower from a heart-shaped bed, softly closed the iron gate, and went home.

Nephi Anderson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SUNDAY SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

VI.—MUSIC.

A GOOD organist is an indispensable aid to the highest discipline of the Sabbath School. Nothing so much arouses the joyful emotions of human nature as music. It awakens the strongest senti-

ments and creates a love for the beautiful and sublime, and the sublime in religion as well as in nature. It sometimes happens that the entire discipline of the school is but the natural outgrowth and result of those

feelings and tendencies and emotions with which the children enter. Start the students aright by awakening feelings of harmony and beauty within their natures and the elements of confusion will be largely overcome. We have learned by experience that there is much less confusion when the children leave a Sunday School marching to music than when they enter irregularly, listlessly, or perhaps rowdily. For this reason it is desirable that all the children should enter the room actuated and moved by sweet strains of music. The organist should come fifteen minutes in advance of the opening and play a few voluntaries or some Sunday School march. If possible the music should be of such a character as to awaken feelings of reverence in the child when he enters the room. These voluntaries will awaken kindred feelings which always exist under the influence of music. The children will, therefore, enter under the actuation of a common impulse and be moved by harmonious influences.

Unity of feeling and harmony will beget unity of conduct. If the children can be made to feel alike as much as possible, it will not be so difficult to control their thoughts and expressions. It is when children are actuated by a great variety of feelings; when some feel naturally happy and others sad; when some feel indifferent and others attentive; when some are full of fond anticipations and hopes and others are moved by doubts and suspicions, that the teacher has the greatest difficulty in bringing all these varieties of human emotion within the sphere of his influence.

It is not possible to secure attention and direct thoughts when the feelings are going astray; for that reason the charm of music, added to the charm of good cheer with which the children are greeted upon entrance, brings the greatest harmony from the greatest discord.

The instruction of the teacher is intended to make all think alike; to make all see as he

sees, and think as he thinks. He is their teacher, their guiding star, their inspiration; but before he can make all think alike, he must secure unity of feelings. If in looking over his class, a teacher sees some bright and hopeful, and others sad; if he sees some indifferent and others cheerful, he understands that his first effort must be to awaken within them feelings of greater unity, and he brings to his command the power of cheerfulness. He sends forth strong feelings into the class; he smiles, he speaks hopefully and cheerfully, that he may place the feelings of the children upon a common plane. Many teachers fail to produce this unity. It is perhaps one of the most difficult tasks in a teacher's life; but a unity of feelings commonly inspires the attention and interest necessary for good discipline in the Sunday School, for all unity of thought is based upon unity of feelings.

A good organist can greatly aid in this task, can control and direct the feelings by appropriate music, and prepare the minds for the harmony which should exist in the Sabbath School. In a word, music banishes discord.

If it be said that the singing is intended to serve this purpose, it may be answered that singing is not enough, and in the second place that in the midst of the singing there are voluntary efforts of the child. On the other hand the music that greets the child upon his entering the room, strikes him while he is in a passive mood, in a receptive condition. He receives, he does not give out; he is actuated, he is not acting. He should be pleased rather than try to please others; and thus the soul is entombed in the chorus and concord of sweet music. For the voluntaries, sacred music is better than marches; the former beget devotion, the latter feelings of activity.

If there are no good organists in the community, one of the first efforts of the Sunday School officers should be the encouragement of some gifted member to cultivate the

divine art. In some of the smaller communities it may even be desirable to meet, in part, the expenses of the Sunday School worker who will take the trouble and time to go elsewhere to obtain a limited musical education; but organists are common to almost every community and every Sunday School has the encouragement of instrumental music. While, however, organists are common, their selection of music is not always satisfactory. They can play a march or a quickstep, and such a selection would be satisfactory for the dismissal of school, but is not so desirable for the first ten or fifteen minutes preceding the opening. What is commonly called sacred music is more desirable. These musical exercises often afford the organist an opportunity to practice some of the most beautiful of our selections.

If Sunday School superintendents will turn their attention to the improvement of music in the Sabbath School, and secure for the pleasure and edification of the children the best organist in the community, the harmony of the school will be very much enriched.

Nothing seems more unfortunate on the Sabbath morning than to find the organist absent. Where music has been the regular order of the school, its absence seems almost a calamity; everything is so unnatural, so void and empty that disappointment is apt to fill the minds of the little children, and older members too, and make a dreary failure of what might have been a happy Sabbath morning. Wherever possible there should be an assistant organist, so as to remove the chances of a dull and barren exercise made cheerless by the absence of music.

J. M. Tanner.



A TRIP THROUGH ALASKA.

V.—DAWSON TO FORT YUKON—THENCE TO ST. MICHAELS.

IMMEDIATELY after leaving Dawson the Yukon river makes an abrupt turn to the west, for some distance continues in that direction, and finally runs north-west, which is its general course to Fort Yukon. About one hundred miles from Dawson down the river, we reach the boundary line, which is plainly visible from the boat, since a swath of timber one hundred feet wide has been cut on the supposed line between the two countries. Near this line are the cities of Circle and Eagle, both American mining centers, located on the river. The mines are inland about eighty miles. United States troops are stationed here and the inhabitants have been quite numerous in the early history of the towns,

but at present new attractions in other localities have drawn off much of the population. However, some very valuable property is located here.

This is an extensive valley, extending hundreds of miles in all directions, in low, rolling hills and level plateaus, covered with an immense growth of young timber, spruce and pine, and some togalder and willow. From the growth of pine in Utah it has been observed that a tree eight inches in diameter will take fifty years to grow. It would appear from this that the same sized tree grown in the Yukon valley might require one hundred or one hundred and twenty-five years. Even this would indicate wonderful climatic changes, for the indications are that some

time in the past the land has been covered with ice, which has melted down, and vegetation has sprung up spontaneously.

We now encounter what are called "the flats," these being the more level lands; the river spreads out into various channels and boats have great difficulty in avoiding the shoals or bars. Here too are marshes where grass grows to a height of three or four feet, and some hay may be cut from the wild prairie.

We are now nearing the arctic circle and the land of the midnight sun. Looking to the north-west at midnight may be seen the sun shining in its fullness, though somewhat redder than at midday.

Here at Fort Yukon is the junction of the Porcupine river with the Yukon, down which hundreds of miners have come from the great Mackenzie river valley east of the Rocky Mountains.

This is the land of the Esquimaux, who make themselves conspicuous by their presence. As we draw up to the shore at midnight, men, women and children are out in force to welcome us to this new and strange land. Wild timothy hay was pulled at this place within the arctic circle which measured four feet in length. This was on July 12th, and it still further increased our astonishment. In our school days we had been taught that all that region lying north of the sixtieth parallel was a frozen, uninhabitable and unproductive land, fit only for the Esquimaux and his dogs. But times and seasons are changing rapidly and who shall say that the discovery of gold in the far north may not be the first step in the great progress of events that shall eventually terminate in a great highway from North America into Asia by way of Behring straits? Surely prophetic fingers point that way!

From Fort Yukon the river turns to the south-west and continues in this general course to Behring sea, running through one unbroken valley for about thirteen hundred miles, extending beyond the vision of the eye

on either side. A number of missions have been established along the river by the Russian government and for years have been maintained for the schooling of the Indian. Since the purchase of Alaska from Russia by the United States many of these missions have been turned over and they are now maintained by our government. I am informed, however, that a Russian priest controls one yet, and at this place a new church has been erected, dome-shaped and painted in colors blue and white. It is constructed of lumber from some of the many saw mills operating on the river. As I remember, the name of this mission is Andreaiski.

We pass a number of towns between Fort Yukon and Behring sea, most of them bearing Russian names. There are also numerous Indian villages all along the river, especially in the fishing season, when tons of fine salmon may be seen strung on poles drying for future use. It is the harvest of the Indian and very important it is that he lay in his winter supply.

At Andreaiski we leave the last vestige of timber and for two hundred miles inland from the coast of Behring sea none grows, the country being bleak and forbidding save for moss and grass.

The mouth of the Yukon spreads out about forty miles in width. All the timber or lumber used along the Behring sea coast is either drifted down the large rivers and deposited on the beach or brought by ships from Puget Sound ports.

Ninety miles north from the mouth of the Yukon we reach St. Michaels, an old established trading post and government fort. There is not a well protected harbor but it answers fairly well for the protection of a few vessels. Almost all of the shipping of the north puts in here either on the outgoing or incoming trip. The United States government has sent up quite a number of soldiers and supplies for the interior and river points, and all have touched at Michaels. Several large trading companies have im-

mense warehouses here, and these are well supplied with all kinds of necessities for consumption in the north. Here too may be found all kinds of machinery for repairing vessels and boats of all sizes.

The Indians of this section live in tents in summer and bungalows in winter, which are built on the bluff just off the sea-beach. This bluff is called the tundra and extends back to the foot hills. It is covered with moss and water and all travel inland must be made through from ten to twelve inches of moss and mud in summer. Some small game is found here, though it is quite limited. Along the beach may be seen a white bank which at a distance from shore looks like snow. It is drift-wood which has been piling up for an indefinite period, until thousands of cords have been deposited there, and it is now in all stages of decay. It is fortunate that this fuel has been so well distributed along this forbidding coast. While it does not possess the carbon after soaking in the water that it would before floating around in the sea, yet it is indeed a blessing to the traveler and the natives. With it the latter build their bungalows by putting up logs on end and covering with turf, leaving a hole in one side for a door, and one on top for light.

This sky-light is made of well-dressed walrus skin which is transparent. This is removed when a fire is built and the cooking is going on; when the fire is burnt down to embers, the skin is replaced and the warmth retained. One fire thus suffices for twenty-four hours. Into these filthy places many a poor fellow has been glad to crawl when the thermometer was dancing around 60° below zero. These natives have exhibited a commendable hospitality—they appear to be a kind-hearted people. In winter they hunt the seal and walrus on the ice which forms out for ten to twenty miles into the sea and they keep very well supplied with skin clothing and foot gear. Many white men wear the native shoe which is made waterproof and quite durable.

There are thirty-six thousand Esquimaux subsisting on the fish, fowl and game of this region. It would seem that the white man with his flour and beef and sugar would be a welcome visitor to these poor people; but alas! what our modern civilization has done for the red man at other ports must be repeated here and the untutored race are an easy prey to the sins of drink and kindred vices.

O. S.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



LITTLE GLORA NELSON.

TEN o'clock already, and so much to be done! Hired men to get dinner for, Charlie's pants to be mended—that boy is so hard on his clothes, I shall never be able to keep him covered; then there are the currants to pick for Mrs. Clark—I wish she had not sent for them today; but they must be picked or baby must do without the aprons he needs so much; and I promised to

start up some knitting for Crista. I'm so tired now, and the day only begun!"

With a sigh the woman laid into its crib, a fretful baby she had just quieted to sleep, and hurried away to finish her morning's work.

"Mama, please teach me 'to pray. I want to say a prayer so much!" and the confiding eyes of little Glora Nelson were raised to her mother's weary face, as the latter ar-

ranged the coverlid on the bed she was making.

«Not today, Glora, I'm too busy,» was the answer Glora received.

«But Mama, I want to learn a prayer; Christa knows one, and if she can learn to pray, I can.»

«You will have to get Crista to teach you if she knows how,» the mother replied.

«She won't, I asked her to yesterday, and she said she couldn't. I want to learn one so much, and I'd rather you would teach me.»

«I can't today, Glora, so don't tease me. Go now and play, and never mind about learning to pray till you are older. I can't help you, so go along!» said the mother, pushing her child away, as she was about to plead further.

Poor mother! Too weary with the burdens of life to give time for the spiritual needs of her little ones!

A shadow of disappointment crept over Glora's face, and her lips quivered as slowly she turned from her mother and went out to learn her lesson from the kind Parent who has said that if any of His children lack wisdom they may ask of Him, and He will give liberally and upbraid them not.

«Crista won't and Mama is too busy. I'll ask the Lord, maybe He will teach me to pray.»

Little Glora had learned her first lesson in faith.

A smile of satisfaction lighted up the rosy face. Looking about she spied an opening between the board fence and a great pile of wood that her father had already hauled up for winter use. Into this space she crept, and kneeling down with clasped hands and closed eyes, she whispered:

«Heavenly Father, please teach me to pray. Mama is so busy, and Crista says she can't, and I want to learn to pray so much, so I can grow to be a beautiful woman like Grandma, and so Jesus will love me. Please teach me, Heavenly Father. Amen.»

Little Glora did not know that her prayer was better in its originality and more beautiful in its simplicity than she could have learned from her mother or sister, for the Lord was her teacher, and she needed but one lesson. That evening Mrs. Nelson brushed away a tear when she saw the white-robed figure of her little daughter slip from her trundle-bed and kneel in prayer before closing her eyes in sleep. The mother loved her children; and often her heart yearned to talk to them of the beautiful truths of our glorious Gospel, and to sing and pray with them; but the daily cares of life had worn upon her health, and in attending to her household duties she neglected the spiritual training of her children.

All day she had felt a sad regret at not having taken the time to teach her child a prayer. When Glora arose from her knees and raised her lips for a good-night kiss, she whispered,

«I asked the Lord to help me to pray, Mama, and He did.»

«I hope the Lord will always help you, my little girl, when you go to Him, and that you will go to Him very often.»

«I mean to, Mama. Good night; don't cry.»

«Good night, dear, and sweet dreams,» the mother replied; and after giving Glora an affectionate kiss, with a heart made glad by her child's faith, she went back to her unfinished work. Glora thought the angels visited her that night for she was so happy in her dreams.

«See how pretty,» said Crista to Glora one day, holding up the little striped sock she was knitting for the baby.

«O, how cute it is! I wish I could knit, won't you teach me how, Crista?» Glora answered, drawing her stool close up beside her sister's chair, and picking up the ball of yarn which had fallen to the floor.

«You haven't got any knitting, besides I don't believe you can learn to knit, you're too little. Wait till you're as big as I am,» and Crista straightened up to her full height,

feeling a pride in being a good head taller than her chubby little sister.

«Let me learn on yours,» pleaded Glora.

«No I won't, you'll drop the stitches.»

«I'll be careful, though, and you can help me; won't you please?»

«No, you can't learn on my knitting, you'll have to get Ma to teach you,» was Crista's decisive answer.

«What a nuisance I am!» mused Glora. «Nobody's got time to help me learn. I wonder if all little girls have to learn themselves all they know! Crista don't, quite, but sometimes she does. Maybe Mama did, and that's why she don't have time to help me. I'll ask her when she comes in.»

Before Mama came in, baby fretted, and Glora forgot her trouble in trying to amuse him. Later in the day, however, her desire to learn to knit was renewed by her finding Crista's knitting on a bench out under the old apple tree, where Crista had left it when she went to her dinner.

«I know I can learn, and I'm going to try. If I'm careful not to drop a stitch she won't know that I have had it.» With this Glora picked up the knitting and went to the barn. An hour later she was found by Crista fast asleep with the beloved knitting held tightly in her little hands.

«I've been hunting' all over for that knitting,» cried Crista, «and I'll tell Ma on you!» Catching up the stocking, she ran to her mother, followed by bewildered little Glora, who was too sleepy to realize what had happened.

«Why did you meddle with Crista's knitting? You're a naughty girl, Glora. If you do so again I shall have to punish you,» said Mrs. Nelson.

«But Mama, I wanted to learn so much, and I didn't drop a stitch either,» sobbed Glora.

«No, but you knit it all backwards. But never mind now, I will fix it right, and then my little Glora must not touch it again.» The change in Mrs. Nelson's voice made

Glora look up in surprise, and gave her courage to ask:

«Then may I have some knitting of my own, Mama? I want it so much.»

«Can you knit a whole pair of stockings for baby, if I help you just a little?» questioned the mother.

«Yes, Mama, I am sure I can.»

Glora did as she said she could. And those little socks were the first of many a pair that Glora Nelson has knit.

«O, Mama, are you writing to Grandma? May I write too? You can help me a little,» shouted Glora, running in from her play to where her mother sat writing letters.

«Not now, Glora, I am in a hurry, for it is nearly supper time, and your father will be hungry when he comes.»

«Then please let me have some paper and write myself, I know the letters.»

«No, you can't have paper to waste in that way. Maybe Charlie will let you take his slate if you will be very careful not to break it,» answered her mother.

«Charlie, oh, Charlie! please let me take your slate and pencil, Ma said you might,» called Glora to her brother, who was teaching his dog Rover to speak for his supper.

«You'll break it,» and Charlie went on with his play.

«No I won't; I'll be just as careful.»

«Well, take it, but if you break it you will have to pay for it, that's all,» the boy replied, although he knew his little sister had nothing but love and gratitude to pay for anything she received.

«What's my little girl doing, writing figures and learning to do a sum?» asked Mr. Nelson, tipping the slate on which Glora had been trying to write. She had grown weary of that, and was now engaged drawing pictures.

Mr. Nelson was a poor man and found it difficult to provide his family with the necessities of life; anything that looked like extravagance met his disapproval. That was in a time when drawing was looked upon by

both parents and teachers as an idle pastime.

"Whose slate is this, Glora?" rather sharply asked her father.

"It's mine," replied Charlie; "Ma said she could take it, so I let her."

"Mother, don't you know I can't afford to buy pencils for that child to waste in this way? You must not allow it," said Mr. Nelson to his wife, holding up the slate on which was a rude picture of Charlie and Rover at their play. Then to Glora,

"Rub that out and don't waste any more pencil in that way, in fact I think you had better let your brother's slate alone."

"I want to learn to write, Papa," and Glora's big blue eyes were raised wonderingly to her father's inquiring gaze.

"You are too little to write, besides we can't afford it now."

"I'm as big as Rosa Bell, and she's got a slate and pencil, and sometimes she writes with ink, and I know the letters as good as she does."

"Rosa Bell has a rich father, but I say we can't afford it, so you mustn't tease any more; now remember. Put your slate away, Charles." The boy obeyed his father, while little Glora leaned against a sack of corn which had served for a back to the stool on which she sat, and buried her face in her arms, "to pout," as her brother put it.

Next day while playing out in the back yard, Glora found a new lye can with a smooth, black surface. With her Mama's help the can was opened down the seam, hammered out straight, carefully cleaned and made ready for use as a slate; but she had no pencil.

"I'll tell you what to do," said Rosa Bell, to whom Glora had told her trouble; "use a little piece of broken slate, it's most as good

as a pencil. I used a piece when my pencil was lost."

"It might do, but I haven't got any; maybe I can find a piece sometime, though." The grave look in Glora's face appealed to the sympathy of the rich man's little daughter and she generously replied,

"I know where there is some; our Jim broke his slate and Ma threw the pieces away. I'll try to find one and bring over to you the next time I come."

"O, thank you, thank you, I will be so glad!" Glora assured her little friend with a hug.

Glora's first lessons in writing were taken on that rude slate, but she enjoyed them, and prized the lye can almost as much as if it had been the finest slate-stone set in a walnut frame. She went on learning, little by little, never having an opportunity to attend school, having but few books, the best of which was the great book of Nature from which her daily lessons were learned; her best and often her only teacher was God.

She is now a woman, educated through her own efforts; not as beautiful as her grandmother was, but beloved by all who know her because of her kind and gentle ways.

It is many years since Glora Nelson was a little girl, and of all the little "Mormon" girls and boys now, perhaps none are as poor as she has been. When she hears any of them complain because they cannot have everything they want, or because their lessons are hard to learn, she loves to tell them of the books and slate she had when a child, and how she learned the lessons of her life under the care of her first kind teacher, her Heavenly Father; and she tells us that He is just as willing to help the children now as He was forty years ago, if we will pray to Him in faith.

Snowdrop.

A DAY IN THE MISSION FIELD.

IT may interest the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to learn how the work of spreading the Gospel is carried on in Germany. I say Germany, whereas it would be, perhaps, more correct to say one part of Germany, for the process varies considerably in the different fields. In some parts of the land there is absolute religious freedom, which of course makes it possible for our Elders to adopt the method of some other religious denominations to get among the people; I refer to the plan of distributing tracts from door to door. In other sections, on the contrary, this is forbidden, at least to our missionaries, and they are otherwise very much harrassed and restricted in their activities. The only way then to reach the people is through friends or members of the Church.

In order to give an idea of our method of procedure where we can work unhindered, I will endeavor to detail my experience for one day; (and I wish to add that the conversations I held and the people I met on this day, are of a class with those of the generality of days.)

First let me remark by way of explanation that we are supplied with four tracts which we distribute gratis, one after another, at intervals of ten days or so.

Of these, tract No. 1 contains a brief account of the Gospel as at the time of Christ and as it is now (after the apostasy) among the different sects calling themselves Christians, the whole account closing with the story of the restoration of the same in this nineteenth century through Joseph Smith.

Tract No. 2 is a short treatise on the first principles of the Gospel, faith, repentance, baptism, and the laying on of hands—baptism being more fully discussed, because the radical change which this ordinance has undergone can be so clearly shown, not only by the scripture itself but also by the works of many early historians. This tract also dis-

cusses very briefly priesthood, revelation, and authority.

The title of tract No. 3, «Redemption for the Dead,» clearly indicates what it contains; of course the whole argument is abundantly supported by scriptural passages.

The last of the four we call, after the author, the «Ben. Rich» tract. This is in the form of a dialogue between a missionary of our Church and a denominational minister. It is probably the most interesting of the set, because, in this form, it holds the attention better and is more easily followed and grasped than the others. The author has certainly known how to bring out very forcibly our claims as opposed to those of other Christian sects and how to back them up with the very best of scriptural proof.

These four then, together with the Bible and other authoritative Church works, form our chief ammunition.

And so, loaded with my Testament together with an ample supply of tract-ammunition, or life-preservers as we sometimes call them, (but, I must confess it, with no more courage than when I went forth to my first siege) I drew into the field.

Visit number one took me up three pairs of stairs to a gloomy attic room. I had been there once before but found the place deserted. This time I timidly knocked and was invited to come in.

«May I offer you a small pamphlet to read?» I asked of the old and rather disheveled-looking lady who hobbled questioningly toward me.

«H'm, what is it about?»

«The Gospel; and it costs absolutely nothing.»

«Certainly you may;» and here she began fumbling about in the folds of her dress for her purse, from which she took a small coin.

I assured her it was free, that our purpose was not gain but a very definite and laudable one, as she would see if she would take the

trouble to read very carefully this and the others I would bring later. I then made a few explanations about the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, its origin, beliefs, aims, etc., adding that with us the Gospel is not a profession by which we seek to enrich ourselves. She held out the money she had taken from her purse and insisted firmly that I accept it, adding, as she saw my eyes sweep over her miserable surroundings, that she wasn't quite so hard pressed as she might seem; if I myself didn't need the money, I could give it to some one who did. I took the coin and later disposed of it as she suggested, I myself not really needing it. Then, as I still stood there apparently in no hurry to go, she said I might come in. Once we were seated she proceeded to relate fragments of her history with exceeding great volubility; among other things, how she had once had position and wealth, but had been cheated out of the latter, after the death of her parents, by—(and here she named a very prominent church in the town); that she would never go to confessional again nor even in the church; that she was now dependent on her nieces—the two highest salaried teachers in the girls' school there—according to her account—to whom she continually made allusion as though to beings almost supernatural. Then she grew reminiscent of her early days—how she was selected to present Duke Dickdam with a bouquet and how Baron Grosskopf had asked her to dance, etc., etc.

And I—what was I doing all this time? The fact is, I was listening and wishing hard I had half her fluency and hoping I would use it to better purpose. Had I been a master of the language, I could naturally have said very little upon such a subject even if the chance had been given me, which it was not until later. Further information about myself and my object in coming to her, she didn't appear at all anxious to obtain. On the contrary she sensed the fact that here she had found a listener, and acted thereon

to tell all about her woes and misfortunes. In mentioning these, she said that the idea of self-destruction had more than once entered her head. It evidently made her more miserable to dwell on the past and yet she seemed to take a morbid delight in going over it all.

Finally the turn came to me and I tried to direct her thoughts into better channels and inspire her with new hope, telling her that the present and future should alone concern her; the past is only valuable in the lesson it has taught. When I left her, she felt somewhat better, I think, but I didn't feel quite certain about having accomplished any permanent good. She did promise, though, to read the tract very carefully and thoroughly and to tell me what she thought of it when I should come again.

My second visit took me to a family about whom I had made, in my memorandum book, the following entry: «House No. 31. Up two flights. Catholics.» Catholics are often very short and sharp with one in my capacity, and so, with little assurance or hope of success, I tapped on the door. A young lady answered it. My opening statement was to the effect that a few days before I had left a small tract here; had they perhaps found time to read it?

The Fraulein looked questioningly toward her mother and both bustled off into the next room to search for it. I remarked several times that they needn't bother—they might keep it if they chose or give it to some of their friends after they were through—I wished only to know if they had read it, and if so, their opinion concerning the contents, and whether I might leave them No. 2. All this time I had been standing in the doorway and could see into the room. A man, apparently the father, sat at a table on the further side, with his back toward me. Up to this point he had said nothing.

Suddenly he sprang up like mad and shrieked at the top of his voice, «Give the man back his tract! Why don't you find his

tract?" and he darted into the other room, which I thought was much saner than coming in my direction.

I had seen Catholics before and conversed with them, but didn't think they got so violent. I stood a moment weak-kneed listening to his ravings and then said softly to myself: "Dear brother, this is no place for you; let the man keep the tract." I closed the door gently and went down stairs without waiting to count the steps as is my habit. It didn't occur to me, either, to shake the dust off my feet, as the Apostles were enjoined to do, until I was well out of the house, when I discovered such a step to be quite unnecessary—there was then none to be seen. The man's ravings could be heard until I was some distance away; such a thing as visiting him again has never since occurred to me.

From this place I went into another street to a shoemaker. I am quite partial to shoemakers and tailors, for it generally happens that they are to be found at home during the day, whereas men of other trades have to go away to their work. Besides, they are inclined to think a little more deeply about the problem of life than others of their station—perhaps because their occupation is more of a nature to permit of reflection. At any rate, we can generally obtain an audience with them, even though it doesn't always avail us much in the end.

This particular shoemaker, though, was somewhat of a disappointment. I had no difficulty in getting into his presence, but the resulting conversation was very desultory. He didn't ask me to have a chair, although he kindly offered me a pinch of his snuff. However, I took the liberty of seating myself as soon as it became apparent that he was not going to suggest it. In conversation he would not hold to any particular subject, and, try as I would, I could get no positive or definite expression from him as to his actual beliefs on religious subjects. He belonged to no sect—said he thought they were all wrong. To my

questions, "Do you accept the Bible, and do you believe Christ was really divine, and that we must implicitly follow His teachings if all is to go well with us in the hereafter?" I could get nothing but evasive replies.

Our conversation must have sounded strange to a bystander: I would perhaps be discussing the restoration of the Gospel for a few minutes, and would stop for an expression of opinion from him. He generally chimed in, but his utterance, just as like as not, had to do with politics in China or any other equally foreign subject. It was like asking for bread and getting a stone. He did finally admit, however, that Christ was a very great man and that the world were much better if His teachings had deeper root in men's hearts; but he rather gagged at the divinity part of it. As to present revelation and manifestation, he was a complete infidel. On one question though, he did have very pronounced views, viz.: in the English-Boer war. He designated all Englishmen robbers from time immemorial and reckoned it to the credit of the Boers that they held so firmly to the Bible.

With the general tenor of his remarks, however, I could find no particular fault: some of his statements clearly indicated that he felt well-disposed toward his fellow-man, but he was very much disposed to take exceptions to this or that abuse without any inclination to take a hand in helping to better the same. I told him I knew of only one positive remedy to bring about a permanent cure of the different social evils, viz: the establishment of real Christianity on the earth, not the pharisaical sort that we meet with everywhere, and about which there is so much just complaint; religion can accomplish wonders where all other methods fail; particularly is this true of revealed religion, to the establishment of which I was contributing my mite; this is why I go about distributing these tracts in order to proclaim a new dispensation and church, where the truth was proclaimed powerfully and not as by the Scribes and

Pharisees. I told him that we tried to make theory and practice coincide and I flattered myself in the conviction that there is less hypocrisy among us than among the churches in general.

I left him Tract No. 1 and further explanations, he promising to look into it if his newspaper didn't claim too much of his time.

(CONCLUSION NEXT NUMBER.)

Lewis T. Cannon.



HISTORY OF THE NATIONS.

DENMARK.

MOST readily do I comply with the editor's request to write a short sketch of the history and the people of my native home, Denmark, only hoping that I may be able to do justice to the subject.

Denmark now occupies but a small place on the world's atlas—one seventh the area of Utah—and is but a shadow of its former self. There was a time when it was one of the greatest as well as most dreaded nations then known; but that day is long past. There is very little now in Denmark or the Danes to remind one of the violent, fierce viking of a thousand years ago, who struck terror to the Europeans along the sea coasts, where his ravages and plunderings, burning of villages and the blood of the slain marked the path of the dreaded Dane. Nor is there much left, except the songs, to remind of its greatness and its conquests of a later day.

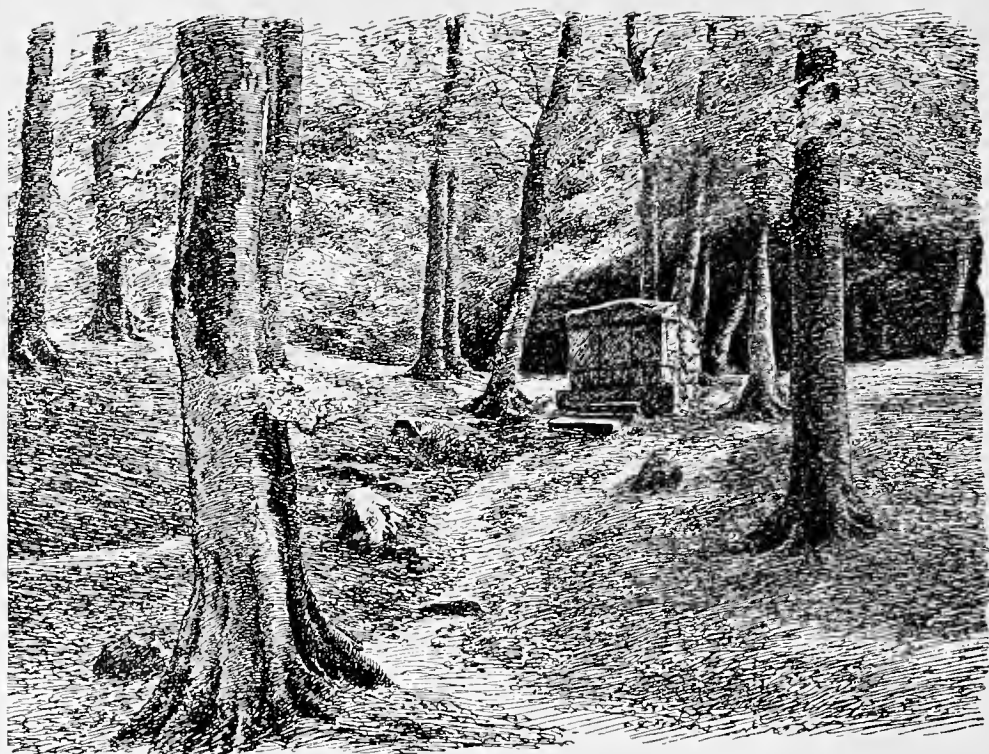
Quiet, unpretentious little Denmark is now but a snug nest for its busy, industrious children; a haven of peace for its royal sons and daughters; no longer feared by any other people.

The early history of Denmark is, of course, shrouded in mystery. Of the people who lived there three or four thousand years ago, we know but very little. Yet from what has been found in the marshes, graves and the so-called dunghills, the early inhabitants were

unacquainted with metals and their use, and their tools and weapons were made of flint. Hence when other tribes invaded Scandinavia from around the Black Sea, with their superior weapons of iron and other metals, and made war upon them, it was but a question of time when the former race became practically extinct, and from the latter race the vikings descended.

It is believed, however, that the Lapps and Finns, who inhabit the extreme north, really are descendants of the primitive people.

During the first thousand years after Christ agriculture and stock-raising were the chief occupations, but numerous pieces of art in bronze, gold and silver have been found, showing a high degree of culture. The people believed in an eternal God whom they called Allfather, and next to him was Odin and Thor. After death all heroes would gather in Valhal, while cowards would go to Helheim. They worshiped under open sky, in forests, groves and by holy springs. They offered to the gods, mostly animals, but there have been instances where man—even the king—has been sacrificed to appease the wrath of the gods in times of famine, or to gain their help in war. One of the pictures presented herewith will show you one of the altars yet found in Denmark, and preserved with reverent veneration through the thousands of years which have rolled over them.



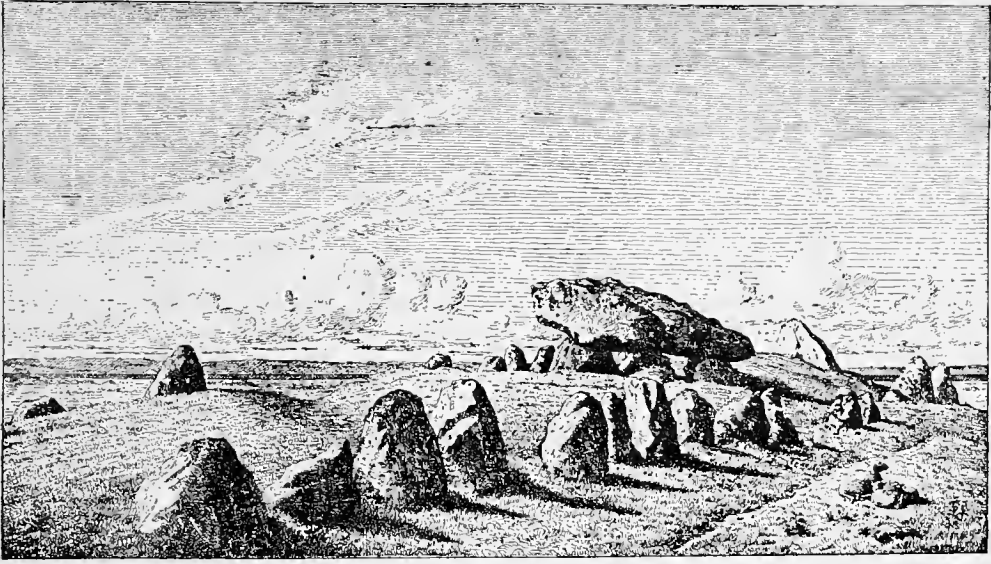
OFFER GROVE AND ALTAR IN DENMARK—FROM THE HEATHEN TIME.

Our heathen forefathers had great reverence for their dead, and buried them in hills. The oldest chambers were made of heavy rocks, and a hill thrown up over them. The dead viking would be buried with such articles as in life were dearest to him. Later on the corpses would be cremated and the ashes buried in urns in the chambers, together with the weapons and articles of copper and other metals. There are many such grave chambers scattered throughout Denmark, and the picture will give you a good idea of how they now look. It must have been a great chief, or king, whose bones were once deposited among these great stones, alongside his flint-knife, or dagger, bow and arrow.

At the end of the ninth century, Denmark, which had up till then consisted of many small kingdoms, was united under one head—King Gorm the Old, who died in 935, and from then a reliable historic account may be traced to the present.

Gorm was a fierce heathen, but his queen, Thyra, embraced Christianity, and while her lord was busily engaged in his murdering and plundering pursuits along the coast, this pious woman ruled the kingdom in peace and tried to better the wild condition of her subjects. She had an immense rampart, known as Danevirke, erected across the peninsula at the southern end of Slesvig. The remains of this rampart have stood till the present day. It was upwards of seventy feet high and was meant to protect the country from the invasion of Germany.

Gorm was succeeded by his son Sven, who also embraced Christianity, though he died a pagan. He invaded England in 1002, under the reign of Ethelred the Unready, and conquered the greater part of that country. At his death his son Canute or Knud was given what parts of England his father had possessed, and following up his advantages, soon conquered the whole of England. At the death



VIKING'S GRAVE IN DENMARK.

of his brother Harold, who reigned in Denmark, Knud was chosen his successor, and the two kingdoms were united.

King Knud abolished paganism and made Christianity the state religion. He also conquered Sweden and Norway, Cumberland and parts of Scotland. He died at the age of thirty-five, but was even at that early age the greatest of European monarchs.

It would be too lengthy to give even an outline of the risings and falls of Denmark; its struggles and contentions; its conquests and defeats, externally and internally; how in some cases she was blessed with wise rulers, and how in others her weak and foolish kings would almost lay the country barren; how at one time the peasants had the upper hand in state affairs, and how again, later on, the nobles trampled on the peasants till flesh and blood could stand no more and the poor, scourged people would rise in fruitless attempts to right their wrongs only to be beaten down to low, debasing serfdom by the overbearing nobles. Nor could I relate the many times it was rent to pieces by wars foreign and domestic; then again raised on fortune's wheel to power and affluence till some other turn would make it smart again.

But I take great pleasure in stating that the greatest and best ruler Denmark ever had was a woman, Queen Margaret, who reigned in the 14th century. She brought peace and prosperity to the country, by her wise and just rule. She was a most remarkable woman, greatly beloved by her people. Never did Denmark thrive better than under her able management. Under her the three kingdoms which comprised the Scandinavian peninsula, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, were united by the Calmar act of union.

Each of these countries, said she, was alone a poor, weak state, open to dangers on all sides; but united they formed a strong and powerful monarchy. So ought they always to remain; but already, in 1450, Sweden was for a time lost to Denmark.

In 1515 it was again brought under Denmark by Christian II, whose wholesale slaughter of the Swedish nobles made him so hated in that country that they rebelled, and under Gustavus Vasa gained their freedom; since then Sweden has been lost to Denmark.

In 1658 Denmark was obliged to cede some of her most valuable islands to Sweden; Skaane, Halland and Blekingen.

Norway remained under Denmark till Napoleon turned Europe topsy-turvy, when Norway was ceded to Sweden, and Denmark received instead Swedish Pomerania and the island Rygen, which she has since lost; and indeed so has she been pieced out little by little in her wars with England, Sweden and Germany, that today she is but a small part of the great power she once constituted; dreaded no longer by those to whom she once dictated; a country that might easily be conquered by any of the great European nations, and the reason why she is not is on account of her powerful connections, probably also because one power would not let the other seize her, for Denmark, small as she is, is a delicious morsel, and would be a very welcome addition to any of her neighbors.

Denmark proper consists of the peninsula Jutland and the islands Sjælland, Fyen, Falster, Langeland, Moen, Bornholm, in the Baltic, and many other smaller islands.

It possesses the Faroe islands, Iceland and Greenland and the Danish West Indies: St. Croix, St. John, and St. Thomas.

The land area of Denmark proper is 14,752 square miles, with about 2,250,000 population.

All of the islands of Denmark lie so close together as almost to close the entrance to the Baltic. For that reason Denmark formerly possessed the key to the Baltic, so to speak, and consequently had to suffer a good deal at the hands of jealous, meddling England, who by the way pursued a very dishonorable course towards Denmark in the beginning of this century.

The Danish form of government is a constitutional monarchy. In 1667 it changed from being an elective into a hereditary monarchy, in order to avoid the ruinous contentions between pretenders to the throne. It remained an absolute monarchy till King Frederick VII gave it its constitution in 1849. The king shares his power with the folkethinget and the landstthinget, both of which are elective. The folkething is com-

posed of one representative for every sixteen thousand inhabitants. Landstthinget or the upper house, has sixty-six members; twelve of these are appointed for life by the king, the others are elected by the people for eight years. Then there is the cabinet, consisting of the king, the crown-prince and the ministers.

So much for the history of Denmark and its form of government.

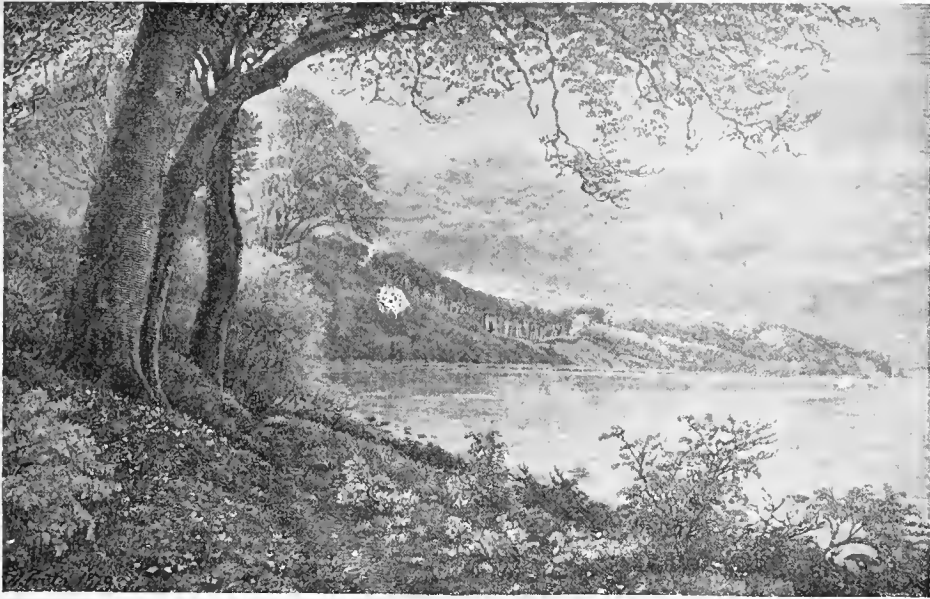
Now if I were but able to describe her beautiful nature, so as to give the reader some idea of the reality, I should consider myself fortunate.

There is not a great deal of variety in the surface of Denmark; it is nearly flat, its highest point being Himmelbjerget in Jutland, and that is only five hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. But with its rolling hills, its magnificent beechwood, in which the country abounds, its rich grain-fields and meadows; its patches of tiny lakes; its softly flowing rivulets, it possesses a fascinating, quiet beauty, where all nature breathes peace and contentment; where the nightingale warbles its entrancing notes in the forests; and these forests, with their wealth of wild flowers, their myriads of songsters, their rich, moss-grown soil and rippling brooks, overhung with drooping beeches; are to me an earthly paradise, unsurpassed in all the world. But then, Denmark is my home:

«And nowhere else is nature quite so lovely
As in the spot where first we daylight saw.»

Still, people who have traveled extensively and visited Denmark agree that its beauty, though of a quiet order, is extremely fascinating. The picture will give you a faint idea of one among hundreds of beautiful landscapes with which Denmark abounds.

In Jutland there are large tracts of moorland covered with heather, sloping to the sea and ending in white cliffs; but even in that, there is a peculiar wild charm, especially when the foaming, raging sea throws its threatening waves far up on land, almost



TYPICAL LANDSCAPE IN DENMARK.

reaching the humble, straw-thatched dwellings of the fearless fishers, many of whom find a watery grave each year in the North Sea. In Jutland the scenery is more diversified than in any other part of Denmark, except Bornholm. The hills are higher and the dales deeper, the streams thereby get more fall through the fruitful meadows. There are many small lakes, and the wild stretches of moorland often make the transition from uncultivated heaths to exquisite patches of beechwood, with glens and sheets of shimmering water, and light-footed deer darting here and there, quite sudden; then again blossoming orchards and waving cornfields and bubbling streamlets winding in and out like graceful snakes.

On the western coast the long stretches of quicksand lend a wild, romantic glow to the country.

Bornholm is, according to a legend, a gem of great value, dropped in mid sea by the gods when they were hastening home to decorate Valhal with their spoil. It is surely lovely enough to merit such a tale; it

even tempts the German emperor away from the beloved Fatherland two or three weeks during the summer to bask in its beauty.

Denmark has no rivers to speak of; Gudenaa is the largest, and that is only a big stream. But the country is dotted all over with lakes, that is, very small lakes. Esrom and Fure Soen, with their surroundings are especially lovely.

Denmark is a grain country; one third of its inhabitants live exclusively by agriculture, dairying and stockraising. Of grain, oats is raised in greater quantity than any other; next comes barley, then rye, and lastly wheat. The Danes use rye largely for their bread-stuff; wheat is used mostly for their coffee cakes. Talking about coffee reminds me that I do not think that the Danes can be beaten in coffee-drinking. In one year alone there were not less than twenty million pounds of coffee and chicory, to the amount of three million pounds, imported.

Sophy Valentine.

(CONCLUSION NEXT NUMBER.)

WHEN AUNT MARGARET WAS BAPTIZED.

MY little boy has just been baptized on his eighth birthday—in the beautiful Manti Temple. This brought to my mind how very pleasantly we are situated here in Zion in many respects. I remember under what circumstances I myself was baptized; but today I wish to tell you how my dear Aunt Margaret was baptized, as we have just been talking about it lately.

My Aunt Margaret lived away back in the old country with her family when she embraced the Gospel. She had had a testimony of its truth for many years before she was baptized, but on account of her husband's opposition the Elders had advised her to wait until the Lord should open up the way for her. Her husband had been the first to get interested in the teachings of the Elders, and had attended their meetings, at which time Auntie had been quite opposed to it. She had always been a faithful Lutheran, and knew her Bible quite well. As «Mormonism» and «Mormon Elders» out in the world imply everything low and mean, Auntie very reluctantly, at her husband's entreaties, went to her first Latter-day Saints meeting. At that first meeting the Spirit of the Lord bore testimony to her that the Elders proclaimed the truth in accordance with the scriptures, and her heart was filled with a joy that she had never felt before. On the way home she told her husband that she was ready for baptism. This seemed to displease him very much, although it was through the influence he had brought to bear on her that she had attended the meeting; and he seemed to commence fighting the cause of God from that very hour, refusing poor Auntie permission to be baptized or to attend meetings any more. This of course was a great trial to her, but she had the testimony in her heart and as there were a number of Saints living in the vicinity, she had at times a chance to meet and converse with the Elders when

around in the neighborhood, which would comfort and strengthen her greatly. At one time when she had been feeling quite downcast, she dreamed that she had come to Zion, and that she there entered a beautiful temple, in which she saw lots of people all clothed in lovely white clothes. This has all since come to pass.

Her husband, as time passed, grew more bitter, always calling Auntie «an old Mormon,» which name he seemed to consider the meanest he could think of. At one time, when he had been speaking very roughly to her, she took courage and asked him why, when he always called her a Mormon, he could not let her go and get baptized when the Elders came around. Said he: «Yes, go; the sooner the better; and if they drown you, all right.» (Now I do not believe he meant what he said about the drowning part, as Auntie had always been a most dutiful wife.)

«Yes, go; yes, go,» kept ringing in Auntie's ears—the very words she had plead for so often; but, wise woman as she was, she said nothing more about the matter, for she feared if she should, it would be «no» next time.

I think the children of Zion are all aware that the Christian world believe in baptizing very small children, sometimes when only a very few hours old. This of course is very wrong, as we know little children cannot sin, and baptism is for the remission of sins. But what I was going to tell you is this: that whenever any well-to-do family had had a child sprinkled or baptized, it was generally the occasion for a couple of days' great feasting. Now, a few days after Auntie had been spoken to so roughly, the whole family was invited to attend such a feast, one of the neighbors having had a child sprinkled. On the morning of the second day of the merry-making, Auntie got up while the family were yet all asleep, as she wanted

to straighten up in the house a little bit before going off for the second day's feasting. When old Sister Gunder cautiously opened the door, (Sister Gunder was an old and very faithful sister that lived across the lot from Auntie's) she exclaimed: «O, my dear Margaret, the time has come, the time has come! I have been standing outside a long time. I thought you were all asleep, and I wanted to see you so very bad. The Elders came last night and I told them what your husband said to you, and Brother H—— thinks you can go and get baptized with a clear conscience. My sister, sister you will now be in very deed.» And the dear old soul would have danced for joy if she had dared make the noise.

And Auntie! Well, she felt just as happy for the moment. But then, how could it be done? Her husband scarcely ever went out at night, and the Elders only made their rounds about once a month, and she knew it must be done unknown to both her husband and oldest son, or it would surely be prevented.

Two heads are sometimes wiser than one, and so it was in this case. They felt like this—now or never, or at least not for a very long time. In a short while they had laid all the plans. Auntie fixed up a nice basket of eatables for the Elders, as she had done many times before. Sister Gunder was to take this home, and then get the Elders to

stop over till next day; and, as the whole family was going to the continuation of the feast that afternoon and evening, Auntie would try and slip out unobserved and run to a place they all knew, where there was «much water» and where the Elders and Sister Gunder would meet her.

The Lord was with them! As the clock struck ten, Auntie made some excuse to the lady of the house for running over home for a little while, and as everybody was engaged one way or another, her absence was not noticed by anyone.

The joy of that dark and cold night she never forgot nor the satisfaction that she at last had been privileged to enter the waters of baptism for the remission of sins, and had then received the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands by the servants of the Lord. Her heart was full. She felt at peace with her God, and knew that she was justified in the course she had taken.

She did not tell her husband about this for a good while, and then there was a «storm»—but not any worse than many, many that had come before. Some time after the Lord called him from this sphere of action. Soon afterwards the way was opened for Auntie to go to Zion, and she had the joy that two of her three children accompanied her.

C. N. S.



CAUGHT IN A LAVA STREAM.

A. R. WATSON, a British mountaineer, recently had a very remarkable experience on the great Hawaiian volcano, Mauna Loa, which he ascended with a party of five, with guides, a pack-mule train and a week's provisions.

His story of the ascent is told in the *London Daily Mail*.

Mr. Watson had spent a night with his party on the mountain and at noon on the following day was engaged in exploring the southern lava stream which finds its way

down the side of the volcano. With no thought of danger he wandered entirely away from his friends and the guides.

Coming to the broad lava stream, he sat down under the shelter of a promontory of rocks, and gazed upon the great, slow river of fire flowing before him. It followed a straight course down the mountain, while at some distance below, it entered a thicket of trees which seemed, as he watched it through his glass, to have remarkable powers of resisting combustion from the lava.

He continued thus until almost nightfall, when he started to return to camp. As he turned, leaving the lava stream at his back, he saw another stream before him. He thought at first he had been gazing so long at the molten river that it had caused him to see lava in whatsoever direction he looked, and he walked on, expecting to find hard ground still beneath his feet. But he soon perceived that he was between two lava streams, one of which cut him off from camp.

What had happened was this: While Mr. Watson had been sitting beneath the rock, the stream of lava had widened. The rock that sheltered him had divided it, and it was now flowing down to his left as well as to his right.

Then it occurred to him that he could go down the streams, and doubtless get around the head of the new one, and so escape. But before he had gone far he discovered that the new stream united with the old one a short distance farther down the mountain.

Mr. Watson, was now, therefore, on an island of solid ground, with a river of fire all around him. He looked about in despair. As he did so, his eyes fell on the patch of woods below, which he had already noticed as evi-

dently possessing the property of resisting the fire in some way. He ran to this, and perceived that some of the trees were not very large.

Drawing a small knife from his pocket, he hewed with it at the base of one of the smaller trees, intending to make a stilt on which to walk through the lava. It was ironwood, so called, and resisted his small knife-blade almost like iron.

He hacked on and on. Luckily the lava stream did not approach any more closely at this point. Night had now fallen, and as the lurid glare of the fire-stream shut out distant objects on the mountain, he resolved to spend the night in making a pair of stilts, and in the morning to attempt an escape.

By daybreak his stilts, very heavy, very green, but with good fire-resisting qualities, were ready. He mounted them, and started straight through the lava stream. The stilts smoked and sizzled but did not burn. The heat was frightful, blistering his face and hands. Summoning up his endurance, he walked deliberately on—for to hasten might mean a misstep, and a misstep would mean a fall, and a fall instant death.

He did not fall, and at last he came near the farther edge of the stream. There, to his great joy, he saw people awaiting him. His friends had come in search of him, and, encountering the lava stream, had conjectured that he was beyond it.

Seeing him approaching, they met him at its very edge. As he reached out to them, one of his stilts burned entirely off, but as he fell he was caught and pulled to the solid ground. He was somewhat severely but not fatally burned, and in a rancher's house received care and surgical attention.



RESCUED FROM THE FLAMES.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

MEANS AND TIME EXPENDED IN PREACHING— GOD'S PLAN AND COMMAND.

It is not an uncommon thing for us to hear of Elders who are sent into the various missionary fields to preach, remaining for months sometimes in the same locality without securing a single convert. Valuable time is spent to no purpose in this way. This is particularly the case in fields where the Elders do not labor without purse and scrip, but where they have money to depend upon, either in their own possession or sent to them from home.

There has always seemed to us to be something improper about this method of preaching the Gospel. While it is the duty of the Elders to labor diligently and patiently, and to give the people the fullest opportunity for hearing the message of which they are the bearers, it does not seem necessary for them to spend such a length of time as is sometimes done laboring in barren fields, which yield no fruit and where their message is not listened to at all. The Lord in giving instructions concerning the preaching of the Gospel, says:

«I give unto you this commandment, that ye become even as my friends in the day when I was with them traveling to preach the Gospel in my power, for I suffered them not to have purse or scrip, neither two coats; behold, I send you out to prove the world, and the laborer is worthy of his hire.»

Mark the words, «prove the world!» It is for this purpose, among others, to «*prove the world,*» that the Elders are sent out.

He says again: «Therefore, let no man among you (for this commandment is unto all the faithful who are called of God in the Church unto the ministry) from this hour take purse or scrip, that goeth forth to proclaim this Gospel of the kingdom.»

Again he says: «And whoso receiveth you, there will I be also, for I will go before your face: I will be on your right hand and on your

left, and my Spirit shall be in your hearts, and mine angels around about you, to bear you up. Whoso receiveth you receiveth me, and the same will feed you, and clothe you, and give you money. And he who feeds you, and clothes you, or gives you money, shall in no wise lose his reward: and he that doeth not these things is not my disciple; by this you may know my disciples.»

The evident intention of our Father in sending His Elders forth without purse or scrip was, as above stated, to «prove the world.» If the people will not receive them, will not feed them, not clothe them, nor aid them in their labors, does it not seem that the Elders are under no further obligations to labor among them? Does it not appear that they are free to go from them to another people who might receive them and impart unto them that which was necessary for their support?

It will never do in this Church to lose sight of the commandments of God on this subject, nor to forget or fail to understand the purposes of the Almighty in sending His Elders forth in this manner. There was an object to be accomplished when the missionaries were commanded to go forth without purse and scrip. In the first place, this method of preaching the Gospel tests the faith of the Elders themselves. In the second place, it tests the people among whom the Elders are sent. If a man who is preaching the Gospel has no money, he must necessarily depend upon the people receiving him. If they will not receive him and aid him, as the Lord says His disciples will do, his duty to them is ended. He has fulfilled the requirements which the Lord makes of him, and can go on to some other house or village that will receive him. But if the man has money in his pocket, which he has taken with him from home, or which has been sent to him, he is not under the same necessity of depending upon the people

among whom he labors, and these latter are not, therefore, properly proved.

Of course there may be circumstances that will modify the strictness of the command of the Lord on this point. These circumstances do not need to be overlooked. For instance: In many countries men who have no money and no visible means of support are in danger of being arrested as vagrants and sent to prison or expelled. In other places if a man were to ask for food or lodging, he could be arrested and imprisoned as a beggar for so doing. Such circumstances as these have to be taken notice of. But they can be considered without any wide departure from the word of the Lord on this subject.

It is the duty of every Elder to travel without purse and scrip as nearly as possible in conformity with the word of the Lord. Instead of this, however, there are many young men who have gone out amply supplied with means, either of their own, or from their parents, to spend freely and to relieve them entirely from the necessity of "proving the people" or of being put to the least inconvenience themselves. Where this is the case they naturally fail to receive the benefits which the Lord intended them to enjoy through having their faith in Him increased. Furthermore—and this is of scarcely less importance—the people among whom they labor are not proved, or tested, or left without excuse as would be the case under the other method.



The cost of sending out missionaries is very great. Every soul that is gained costs a large sum of money. Converts ought to be very precious, looking at the matter from merely a financial standpoint. Of course all souls are precious in the sight of God; but

financially speaking, those who are now gathered cost the community a considerable sum.

From a letter written from the Southern States Mission we learn that the amount of the Elders' expenses in that mission for two years reaches, on an average, about \$325.00 apiece. Where the mission is prolonged to three years, the average amount is increased to \$425.00. An Elder going from home to that mission for two years not only gives his time without pecuniary remuneration, but expends \$325.00 besides.

It is not difficult with this information to estimate the cost of the converts. The amount every year expended by this community in preaching the Gospel to the nations and sustaining the Elders on their missions, amounts to a very large sum, without mentioning or placing any estimate on the time it has taken, or the support of the Elders' families while they are away. Say there are two thousand missionaries in the field at one time. They remain away fully two years, and perhaps the average would be two years and a half. A very little reflection will show how serious a tax this is upon the community if they all expend as much as the average of the Southern States Elders are estimated to consume. It should show also how necessary it is that they waste no more time than can be avoided in unproductive fields. And lastly it should render plain the necessity for the strictest possible compliance with the commandment of the Lord concerning the Elders traveling without purse and scrip. Those who do observe this commandment in the right spirit will come back greatly increased in faith and with an experience that is invaluable to them; and the example and effect will undoubtedly be felt beneficially by all the other Elders and indeed by the entire community.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE HABIT OF SAVING SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED.

I WAS much impressed with a remark made a few days ago by one of our brethren connected with a savings bank in this city. He has had considerable experience in this business and has watched with some care the class of people who patronize the savings bank as depositors. His remark was to the effect that the great majority of depositors who kept their money in the bank and did not draw it out at every emergency, were people who had been taught, or had acquired, the habit of saving when they were young. There were depositors, he said, who steadily increased their savings, scarcely ever drawing anything out of the bank—not even the interest which their deposits had earned. There was another class, however, who after making a deposit and allowing it to remain for a short time, would suddenly think that they needed it for some purpose, and would promptly draw it out. These latter, he said, were people who, according to his observation, had never been taught the habit of saving. Their methods were in direct contrast with those of the other class of depositors. For any trifling reason they would rush to the bank, draw their money and spend it; while those who had been trained in saving would allow themselves to be put to considerable inconvenience rather than make any such inroad upon their savings. The latter class appeared to look upon the money they had once put in the bank as almost sacred—too sacred to be touched or drawn upon on any trivial occasion.

It is a subject of general observation and remark that the habit of saving is not widely cultivated among our people. A great many persons live quite up to their income. As their income increases, their wants and expenditures increase; and they contrive to spend all that they earn. There are num-

bers also who think they must live in a certain style because their neighbors do so—and this regardless of their income or of their ability honestly to keep up these appearances. An incident came under my notice a day or two ago which brought this forcibly to my attention. A man suddenly lost his employment; he had been earning a moderately good salary, but when he was thrown out of a situation he did not have a dollar ahead to help sustain himself or wife and children. There are many such cases as this met with in every-day life, and they give evidence of the bad training—or perhaps the lack of training—which many have received. People of this kind are less provident than some of the animals even, for in the season of plenty the latter lay up a store for the winter or the time of scarcity which they know is approaching. One would naturally think that common instinct would prompt those who have others dependent upon them to make provision in time of prosperity for their support when sickness or want of employment or misfortune might overtake them.

The habit of saving should be taught children at an early age. They should in youth receive lessons of self-denial. In this view, the habit of tithe-paying, apart from the blessings which follow obedience to the law itself, is most excellent. It teaches economy; it inculcates self-denial; it enforces the necessity of saving. To be sure, it is a law of God to be observed and obeyed for its own sake. But its value in adding to the inclination to be thrifty and careful and saving is also very great; and it cannot be taught to children too early or too earnestly. They should be impressed, as an inducement to saving, with the importance of making provision for the future. It is a very humiliating thing for a man or a family who may have been in the possession of means, to be compelled to depend upon neighbors or friends

or public charity for support. It is a most pitiful sight to see persons, when advanced in years or for other reasons incapable of performing much labor, destitute of the means of livelihood and forced to depend upon others for their living. In many cases such a condition may be unavoidable; but there are many other cases where it is simply the result of improvidence.

It is most unwise for persons or families to fall into the habit of consuming their entire income. A portion of the earnings should be regularly laid aside, so that if sickness, want of employment or old age should throw them upon their own resources, they will have something other than charity to depend upon. Young couples in marrying should

repress the inclination for display. They should learn to live within their means—not to consume all that they earn—and to commence in the beginning of their career to lay aside a portion of their income each week or month. Then they should guard against any idle fancy which might prompt them to draw out and expend the means which they have saved. By cultivating the habit of saving they will, without becoming avaricious, find pleasure in self-denial, and have pleasure, without being miserly, in seeing their savings gradually increase. Men and women who pursue such a course as this can feel an independence and a consequent happiness that they cannot enjoy if they follow the contrary course.

The Editor.



REMINISCENCES OF ELDER ORSON HYDE.

A FEW years ago, coming from Preston to Franklin, in company with Elder Milo Andrus, we fell to talking of early times in the Church, and some of the incidents mentioned may be interesting to JUVENILE readers.

In 1830, Oliver Cowdery, Parley P. Pratt, Peter Whitmer, Jr., and Ziba Peterson were traveling from the state of New York to western Missouri, preaching by the way. In the state of Ohio, in Kirtland and vicinity, many people accepted the Gospel. Some fifty miles from Kirtland, Orson Hyde and Milo Andrus dwelt. They were members of the so-called Campbellite church and roomed together. Some of the Elders traveling west visited the settlement where Brothers Hyde and Andrus lived. Meetings were held, and these two men went and heard the Elders. Milo Andrus was surprised that after meeting Brother Hyde did not question these

men about their faith, as he was in the habit of controverting the various preachers about the correctness of the doctrines advocated by them. After meeting, Brother Hyde said: "Brother Milo, we have overlooked some of the prophecies." The preaching of the Elders made such an impression on Brother Hyde that he quit his school (he was teaching school at the time) and went to Kirtland, investigated more fully the Gospel, received the ordinances, was ordained an Elder and returned to his home. He soon held a meeting, preached Mormonism and some of the people made up their minds to ride him on a rail. They had the rail ready, but after meeting many were convinced of the truth of what he had preached. He was not ridden on a rail, but upwards of fifty were baptized in that neighborhood. Brother Andrus became a member of the Church some time afterward.

The year 1848 was a time of great importance in the Church. The First Presidency, composed of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards, left Winter Quarters for Salt Lake Valley. Amasa Lyman, one of the Twelve, went also, and Winter Quarters was deserted. Those remaining settled in Iowa, and Orson Hyde, George A. Smith and Ezra T. Benson presided over the Saints in Iowa and adjacent places. Orson Pratt went to England to preside, Wilford Woodruff to Boston to preside in New England, Lyman Wight had gone to Texas, and Parley P. Pratt and John Taylor followed the Pioneers in 1847 and settled there that year.

Sometime in the fall, at a public meeting in which Orson Hyde presided, a stranger came into the meeting—I say stranger, as he had been away from the Church for more than ten years. This stranger was Oliver Cowdery. As he came in the meeting, Orson Hyde observed him. He left the stand, approached Brother Cowdery and they threw their arms around each other for joy. Brother Hyde introduced Brother Cowdery, and he confessed his sins and bore a powerful testimony to the truth of this work. He said the angel declared in his hearing that this work would stand forever. It was a glorious meeting. Brother Cowdery had been ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood by John the Baptist. He was ordained an Apostle under the hands of Peter, James and John; and the experience he had and the testimony he had received were of great importance to the Saints in building them up in their most holy faith. Brother John Needham of Logan, and

Brother John Lush of Malad [City informed me of the return of Oliver Cowdery in the fall of 1848 to the Church, as they were both present at the meeting, and heard him address the people.

The discovery of gold in California in 1848 made a great excitement in the United States and other countries. Kanesville (now Council Bluffs), Iowa, was an outfitting place, and thousands of emigrants from Wisconsin, Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Michigan, Iowa and other places, started from that town to cross the Plains. The spring of 1850 was remarkable for no rains falling till late. Indian corn was \$2.00 per bushel and went up to \$3.00; flour \$10.00 per cwt., and many other things were put up to a high figure.

I arrived in Iowa on April 9th, and found California emigrants camped in many places. A few days afterwards, April 13th, I went to work for Orson Hyde. There was an adjourned conference held in Kanesville, and Elders Orson Pratt from England, and Wilford Woodruff from Boston, two of the Twelve Apostles, with Orson Hyde, were at this conference. In the afternoon, Elder Orson Hyde prophesied that rain would come; and that evening a splendid shower of rain fell to the earth and soaked the ground. Grass and plants grew, and everything seemed to thrive. Emigrants to Orgeon, California and Salt Lake could now venture on the Plains, as the prospects for feed for animals were now assured. This conference above mentioned was held in the open air, in the month of May. *William Woodward.*

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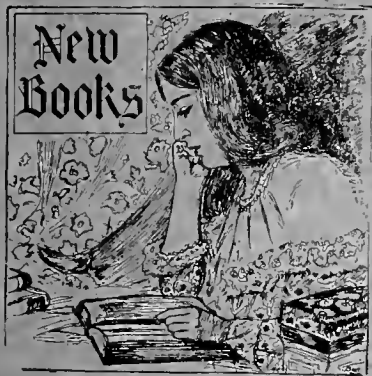
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